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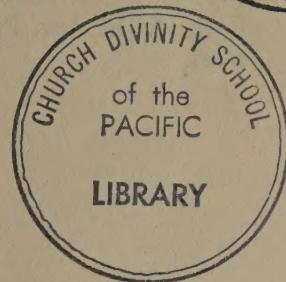
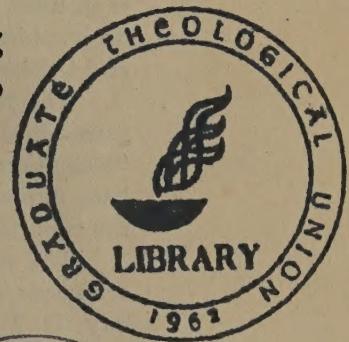
THE RIGHT REVEREND

Daniel Sylvester Tuttle

MISSIONARY BISHOP OF MONTANA,
IDAHO and UTAH, MISSIONARY BISHOP
OF UTAH, BISHOP OF MISSOURI, AND
PRESIDING BISHOP OF
THE AMERICAN CHURCH

BY THE
REV. MELVILLE K. BAILEY

PRIMAS INTER PARES



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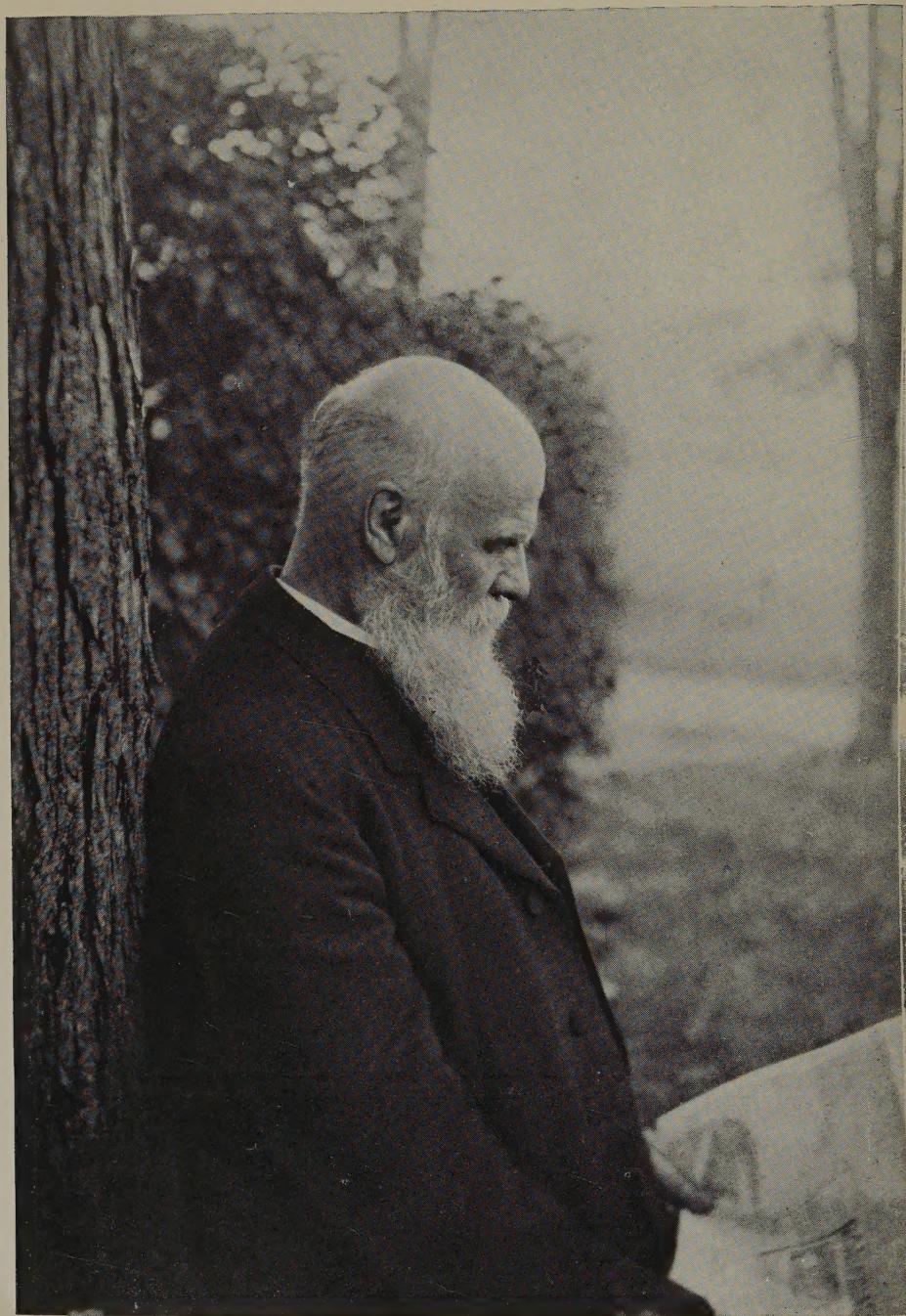
FOREWORD

Any condensed account of a long life filled with activities is in itself an injustice to the subject of the sketch. Yet short biographies of great lives are of the greatest help to right living and thinking. Such is the excuse for this writing.

The portion concerned with Bishop Tuttle's work in Montana, Idaho, and Utah is taken almost exclusively from his "Reminiscences of a Missionary Bishop," and at times it has been difficult to indicate that the very words used in this sketch are from that book.

The writer begs to express his gratitude for their valuable criticisms and suggestions to the Very Rev. Samuel R. Colladay, D. D., Dean of Christ Church Cathedral, Hartford, and to the Right Rev. Frederick F. Johnson, D. D., Bishop of Missouri.

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The Presiding Bishop

PART I
THE MISSIONARY BISHOP

BISHOP TUTTLE

In October, 1904, a Bishop sat in the President's chair of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. He was a man of whom all would say that he had a leonine aspect. His broad, high forehead and dome-like head, his great eyes and grand face, his patriarchial beard, were such, in human nobility, as men imagine when they think of a lion.

Before him sat what a chief justice of the Supreme Court at Washington has called the most august assembly of men in the United States. It was the House of Bishops. Picked men, elected by clergy and laymen as their ideal representatives and leaders, they had come from every State and Territory of this great Republic, and foreign lands. They knew the splendor of metropolitan cities, the spaces of immeasurable prairies, the peaks and gorges of mountains, the fields of arctic ice, the islands of the sea, and the immemorial habitations of the East. They had dealt with problems as varied as the diverse families of mankind.

This leonine Bishop presided over the House with grace and ease, but when he spoke it was with a voice which reverberated through the hall, and impressed the dignified assembly as much by its paternal benevolence as by its lion-like, resonant power.

Daniel Sylvester Tuttle's first parochial work was as assistant at Zion Church, Morris, Ostego County, New York. It would be pleasant to follow his work there, as it would the story of his youth. It is evident that in that faithful parochial work were laid the foundations of the ministerial character which made him to all he served truly a "father in God." But we may not linger over that.

For it is as almost a life-long Bishop in the Church of God

that he is chiefly known. Four years he was engaged solely in parochial work and fifty-six years he was a Bishop, an extraordinary record.

The call to the episcopate came as an astounding surprise to this young priest, less than thirty years of age. He had attended the consecration of Bishop Williams of Japan, in New York, October 3, 1866.

Two days later he was informed of his own election as Missionary Bishop of Montana, with jurisdiction in Idaho and Utah. As he lacked three months of the canonical age he was advised by his Bishop, Horatio Potter, to go back to Morris until his birthday was past.

"Meanwhile," he writes in his "Reminiscences of a Missionary Bishop," "the presiding Bishop had appointed May 1, 1867 as the time, and Trinity Chapel, New York, as the place, for my consecration. Bishop Hopkins himself was to preside; Bishops Potter and Neely were to be present, Bishop Randall was to preach, Bishops Odenheimer and Kerfoot were to assist, and Rev. Drs. S. R. Johnson and Morgan Dix, Presbyters, were to attend." This arrangement was in fact carried out.

The story of Bishop Tuttle's journey to the West reads, in these days when men expect to fly from coast to coast between dawn and dark, like a tale of "old far-off, unhappy things."

His first objective was Salt Lake City, and he was a month getting there from Omaha. That he could endure the journey was due to his extraordinary physical vigor, which sustained him so well to the end, through a long and arduous life. The greater part of it was by stage coach, a mode of travel to which he was to add forty thousand miles.

The edge of discomfort was whetted by danger — from the Indians — the more disturbing because he had companions, the Rev. Messrs. E. N. Goddard and G. D. Miller, Mrs. Foote, wife of Mr. G. W. Foote who with the Rev. T. W. Haskins had preceded him, and Miss Foote. Of necessity he had left behind

for a time his beloved wife and child. On the very eve of his start a clergyman came in with a bullet hole in his coat, the driver of his coach having been shot dead. Bishop Tuttle and the two priests bought rifles, and the Bishop had a letter from Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, to General Sherman, asking for protection. So their coach had always a guard armed to the teeth, the Indians dared not attack, and he says, "All the forces of resistance seemed to be beaten down and disintegrated."

They reached Salt Lake City July 2, 1867. The contrast between the outward appearance of the dignified prelate who presided over the General Convention and the young "Apostle of the New World" is etched in his own description:

"At last we got to the city. Driving to the office we found Mr. Haskins there. . . . Mr. H. was quite taken aback at the sight of my cartridge pouch in front, my pistol behind, my trousers in my boots, and my dark features (from a dust storm). He declares he thought the driver had a brother of the whip and reins beside him."

The armed young Bishop, however, had never forgotten his prayers, but read them daily with his companions, even in the rolling stage coach.

He was now at the gate of his vast jurisdiction. The task which from Morris seemed so tremendous now might well seem appalling. The territory was that of a kingdom. The roughness of travel might exhaust a veteran soldier. The population of Utah was 100,000, of Montana 30,000, of Idaho 25,000. In the latter two Bishop Tuttle was to find a turbulent life and a wild disregard of ordered religion. In Utah he was in the heart of a fanatical religion determined to exclude historic Christianity. In Salt Lake City's population of upwards of 12,000 there were about 250 "Gentiles." There were three communicants of the Church. St. Paul himself never faced more seemingly desperate odds.

SALT LAKE CITY

We have noted Bishop Tuttle's inexhaustible bodily vigor. For his new task he will need in addition not only the ardent devotion to the Gospel of Christ which has been proved in his country parish, but also the highest wisdom. Is it possible that a young priest of thirty can possess it? The reader may judge.

It is no wonder the Latter Day Saints thought Brigham Young inspired when he chose the Deseret Valley for their abode. The visitor, standing on the hill before the marble Capitol, looks out between noble ranges of mountains over farmlands rich as gardens to the glittering waters of the Lake, purple, sapphire, and white under the sky. And the city is adorned with fair buildings and lovely residences. Yet there seems a sinister shadow, typified by that ominous Temple whose doors are ever shut by day and night, which no man passes, the entrance being underground.

Bishop Tuttle never made a more significant visit than when he called on Brigham Young. He and Mr. Foote and Mr. Haskins went in at the gate beneath the eagles to the "Lion House." The youthful apostle might have thought, "He couched as a lion, and as an old lion: who shall rouse him up?"

But the lion was quizzically subtle. He received them good-naturedly, saying "How d'ye do, Bishop Tuttle?" and after catechising him as to his pedigree, turned the conversation to general topics and then spoke of an erring "apostle" of his own. Yet Bishop Tuttle certainly won his freedom for subsequent action in this interview when he surrendered not a principle, nor neglected a courtesy. He says, "We were most civilly and courteously treated in this call, but I was not asked to call again," and adds, "With his keen-sightedness he must know that if not in will yet in reality, by our services and our school, we are putting our clutches to his very throat."



The Bishop of the Rockies

Bishop Tuttle began organized work with definite episcopal supervision, finding some material at hand. In 1865 and 1866 Rev. Norman McLeod, an army chaplain, a Congregationalist, had preached several Sundays and started a Sunday School. Dr. Robinson, the superintendent, was shortly afterward murdered. For seven months a lawyer, Major Hempstead, kept up the school, but turned it over to our clergymen, Rev. Messrs. Foote and Haskins, in May, 1867. Upon this foundation Bishop Tuttle built a day school, opening with sixteen scholars and increasing in a week to thirty-five. This was the beginning of the Bishop's six schools.

July 7 the Bishop held service in Independence Hall with about one hundred present. He wrote to his wife that Mr. Miller had preached a capitally good sermon from the text, "That my joy may be in you, and that your joy may be full." We can see from the text the joy which was brought to the little flock by the coming of their Bishop, stalwart in physique, able and scholarly in mind, abounding in human affection, and on fire with zeal for Christ and His Gospel. This would be deepened by the consciousness that the Bishop and his work were sustained by the whole missionary devotion of the Church.

All who knew Mrs. Tuttle were aware of the value of her co-operation with the Bishop, and no words could describe that better than his own, as he wrote of the first year in Salt Lake City:

"In our church services, this winter, Mrs. Tuttle presided at the organ, and led in the singing, too. In this and in manifold other ways, as in visiting, in matters of hospitality, in correspondence, in care of business details, in counsel, I pause here to say that she has been the very heart of influence and the very right hand of good work for and with me during all the years of close companionship with her with which a merciful God has blessed me. If the duties laid upon me have been at all successfully discharged, it has been her wise judgment and rare

efficiency and unwearyed activity that have made the success possible. Justice, at the expense of delicacy, demands this rendering of honor to whom honor is due."

MONTANA

Who that ever heard Bishop Brewer speak that resounding name could forget it? Bishop Tuttle, having laid the foundations in Salt Lake City, set his face toward the *Terra Montana*, the Land of the Mountains.

He followed St. Paul's method of planting the Church in cities first. But there was a sharp contrast. When St. Paul came to Athens^{it} had been for four centuries the most beautiful city in the world. When Daniel Sylvester Tuttle came to Montana it had been a dwelling place for white men five years. Its mansions were log huts, its palaces frame houses.

In his rough stage coach journey five hundred miles north from Salt Lake City he passed through the rich farms of northern Utah, through the southeastern part of Idaho, and over the Rockies five hundred feet higher than Mt. Washington, to Virginia City, the capital of Montana.

He was enchanted with the mountain scenery, peak rising beyond peak, hills lifting in the gorges, all wooded, and having abundant water and nourishing grass for horses and cattle.

The social and political condition of its people had not yet reached the altitude of the mountains. They had indeed improved. When gold was discovered the rush of fortune hunters was followed by a plague of robbers, of which the actual head was the sheriff. Under his protection one hundred and two murders had been committed. Finally the people could endure it no longer. The Vigilantes were organized. Before them standing in judgment under a bright December sun the first desperado was convicted, and his body swung from the gallows in the cold moonlight of the same evening. The work was continued until organized robbery had been suppressed.

In Virginia City the life though crude was apparently not disorderly, but the task of organizing a strong Church work was harder than in Mormon Utah. The Bishop at once began to gather the scattered pieces and join them together. His method was what he had learned in his country parish, to seek out individuals, to use the hook and line rather than the drag net.

"In spite of all the drawbacks of this town," he writes, "kind hearts are here, cultivated women are here, intelligent society is here, some children are here; and such a field for immediate, faithful Church work as I never before saw."

The finest master worker of mosaic never sought out his jewelled pieces more carefully. A young man, Mr. E. S. Calhoun, called with a letter from Dr. Washburn of New York. The Bishop himself began calling, first on Mr. Calhoun, then on Dr. Gibson, the postmaster, on Governor Smith, and he met Judge Hosmer. These men could recognize their peer in the tall, broad shouldered, black bearded pioneer prelate. He met a Mrs. Meagher, of whom he writes to his wife, "she is one of the cleverest women, and most brilliant in conversation, that I have ever met." He called on Mr. Marshall, a Baptist, who had read Service, including the absolution, supplemented by one of Henry Ward Beecher's sermons! He dined with Col. McClure and his wife, and saw the ore crusher. He called once and again on Mrs. Donaldson who was near death, but who held out her skeleton hand, pressed his, and looked her thanks, so that the Bishop came away in tears.

It was of such varied human hearts that the brave missionary Bishop set to build the spiritual house. He succeeded. The people had organized in April under the name of St. Paul's Church, and on the Bishop's coming improvised robing room, lectern, seats, etc., in an upper room. The Service July 21 was the first ever held by one of our clergy in the Territory. He remained two months, and so the Church was founded in the capital of Montana.

But in the meantime Bishop Tuttle and Mr. Goddard went, August 6, to Helena which was destined to supplant Virginia City, and become the capital and see city, where conditions were more unquiet. Life in the streets was profane and disorderly. As the Bishop sat in his room Sunday morning he heard freight wagons thundering by, auctioneers shouting and the dance halls were crowded with men and women who swore and drank. His heart was filled with sadness.

But he at once forecast that Helena would be the chief city. He held one service and left Mr. Goddard to continue. And he writes: "Now is the time for the Church to act. She must occupy here at once. If Mr. Goddard does not stay I shall send off a rousing call for a man to come here at once."

During this first visit to Montana Bishop Tuttle made a costly sacrifice: He judged it necessary to postpone the coming of his wife and child to another year. He writes on September 12, 1867:

"Do you know what this day is? It is the anniversary of our wedding day. My heart has been full of love and longings, and my eyes are not entirely free from tears today. Two years ago we were made one in God's holy sight, and in His holy Church. Tonight, when on my knees in prayer, I shall with God's help frame a petition out of the blessing; and, thanking God for all His goodness to us, shall ask Him for the dear Saviour's sake to help us two, in weal or woe, in company or absence, so that in the world to come, *the home*, we may have life everlasting."

IDAHO

September 23, 1867, Bishop Tuttle left Virginia City for his first visit to Idaho, "Gem of the Mountains," with one stop-over. He returned five hundred miles by stage coach to Salt Lake, went east to Fort Bridger, holding the first religious service ever held there, back to Salt Lake and then four hundred miles

northwest to Boise City. "I arrived at Boise Saturday afternoon, October 12, with broken neck, bruised head, aching bones, sore throat and disturbed temper. . . . Of all the uncomfortable routes I ever travelled over, that from Salt Lake to Boise is the worst."

The population of Idaho was in three districts: a mining region in the north; another, "Boise Basin," in the southwest; and a Mormon farming region in the southeast. At first his work was limited to the Boise Basin.

At Boise City he found a plain frame Church, built by the Rev. Michael Fackler in 1866. The Bishop wrote, "St. Michael's is quite Church-like. The singing and responses are hearty and good. I was much pleased on Sunday. I felt more as if I were in Church than I had done since I left Denver. At the morning service I confirmed five."

The next call was sixty-five miles southwest to Silver City. They came through a hostile Indian country. There he found three male and six female communicants, and a Sunday School, a "Union School," which he took under the care of the Church. The Services were held in the "Orofino" Saloon, an old deserted drinking place. The population was about 1,000, and there was no religious minister. On the return to Boise, they took in two men who had just escaped from the Indians, the driver having been shot dead.

The road to Idaho City, forty miles away, was one of the wildest and roughest he had ever been on. It was a diversified town. Kanakas were among the first settlers, and named the place *Owyhee*, i. e., *Hawaii*. The population was about 2,500, but in and about the town were 3,000 Chinamen. And it was a disorderly town, with horse racing and betting in the streets on Sunday, "a fair specimen of pandemonium." The men of intelligence there were all tinctured with rationalism, some clever, college-bred, and gentlemanly. Many violent and bloody deeds

had been committed, though there had never been such a formidable, organized band of miscreants as in Montana.

On Sunday night he confirmed two women, and Monday visited a dying miner who said of the prayers, "Sweet! Sweet!" Twenty-four persons subscribed \$1,400 for a pastor's salary, but for some years Silver City and Idaho City were served by an occasional visit from Mr. Miller, and the Bishop's yearly visitation.

On his return to Boise City he completed arrangements for the settlement of Mr. Miller as resident pastor, and Miss Gillespie as teacher of a parish school which opened with fifteen scholars. This done, he returned to Virginia City, Montana.

Summing up the first visitation we find that in Utah Bishop Tuttle had found services begun in Salt Lake City, with a Sunday School, that he opened a day school, and that he visited Fort Bridger; that in Montana he had found St. Paul's Church organized in Virginia City, and that he visited Helena; that in Idaho he had found St. Michael's Church in Boise City, that he opened a school there, and that he visited Silver City and Idaho City. One cloud had appeared: he heard from Utah that the Mormons had refused to sell any land to the Church: and yet it was in Utah that he was to do his most famous work.

CONFLICTS AND VICTORIES

Bishop Tuttle's name will stand in American Church history as the great, ideal Missionary Bishop. The story of the progress of his work in his vast jurisdiction is one of its most interesting chapters. The best effect of this sketch will be to inspire the reading of the "Reminiscences of a Missionary Bishop." The sketch itself must be brief.

To pursue the story: Bishop Tuttle lived in Virginia City, Montana, during the winter of 1867-8.

That winter was probably sharper with spiritual pain than any other of his life.

Physically it was tolerable, though a log cabin with a small sheet iron stove, a pine bedstead, a table, a lounge and an easy chair were a meagre substitute for the substantial comforts of Morris, and Dick, the cat, could not quite fill the void of his absent wife and child. The climate was magnificent and his health superb.

It was the spiritual iniquity of the town that pierced his heart. One would hesitate to indicate the condition of such a community in this, our America, if it had not been described by its loving Bishop. Men were kind to him personally, but he was appalled to discover how almost universally given up they were to vicious practices. He was sent as an apostle of Christ to win them to God, but in eight months he did not find one person fit for confirmation. Yet he never ceased to love them, and writes: "I find myself thinking of the year I spent in Virginia City as perhaps the most valuable one of my missionary experience. It furnished me ground for full sympathy with the clergy of the border. . . . It taught me loving forbearance toward wicked people. . . . It gave me a useful lesson of patience under small gains and slow results. . . . So count I my year of cabin life in Virginia City a blessing. It made me tenderer, broader, sturdier, and laid up in my heart a reservoir of sympathy and love." He might have added what appears in his letters, that it strengthened the power of his supplications before the throne of Almighty God.

And difficulties were offset by encouragements. He was cheered by the fidelity of his "only faithful Churchman here, Major Veale." A poor, honest man, forty years old, used to come for counsel. A youth in his teens was and ever remained true. An old German wood-sawyer brought devotion and affection. An Irish Presbyterian would come twenty miles for prayer and converse. These were individual consolations.

Moreover, he was able to open a Sunday School with four teachers and twenty-seven scholars, which grew to nine teachers and fifty-three scholars.

And his quick wit achieved a master-stroke. A Methodist minister, Mr. King, had come, and in a fortnight set to work to build a Church. The frame was up when the minister left. Bishop Tuttle gave \$500, passed a subscription book, secured the needed funds, bought in the property, finished the edifice and May 24, 1868, occupied St. Paul's Church with all bills paid and a surplus of sixteen dollars.

Monday afternoon, June 1, 1868, came another lightning flash within his sky so shadowed with clouds, this telegram: "St. Louis, Mo., May 30, 1868. You were unanimously elected Bishop of Missouri on the first ballot. M. Schuyler, President Convention."

"I kneeled down and prayed God to help me. Wifeless, friendless, at least counsellorless, as I am here, it is hard for me to face the responsibility of decision of acceptance or declination."

The Bishop of the Rockies declined the call.

The story of 1868-9 must be a swift record of important events, culminating in a picturesque action followed by the happiest results.

Bishop Tuttle went to Helena. He made seven episcopal visitations in Montana that summer, and went also to Salt Lake City, where he confirmed twenty; to Idaho City, and to Boise, confirming nine; and Silver City with two confirmations.

September 8 he started for the East to bring back his wife and child. October 6 he went to New York to attend his first General Convention, and as member of the House of Bishops. In the prime of vigilant manhood he observed his brother prelates of the House with keen appreciativeness. At the great missionary meeting his three-minute speech was received with applause after applause. When at a meeting of the Board of Missions

he pleaded that his time might not be taken for speaking in the East he won a benefactor for life, Miss Mary Coles of Philadelphia.

When Mrs. Tuttle came to Helena she was surprised to see ladies who called upon her arrayed in silk and adorned with gold and jewels. She, as they, largely did her own housework. There were a few of refinement, cultivation, and education. Men outnumbered women seven or ten to one.

Bishop Tuttle began services in the court house. He opened a Sunday School with four teachers and fourteen scholars. He visited all people in their places of business or homes.

He found fourteen communicants of the Church and added twelve by confirmation. He insisted that the people pay him a salary, and used the income for Church work. He bought the lot where St. Peter's Church was built. The tenor of an active life was enlivened by an earthquake. It was no longer sad and it was not dull. The Mormons in Salt Lake City still refused to sell land, but in every place he had visited Church life was quickened. The tide was rising.

Finally came one of those events which makes or mars the man, and with the man, his work.

April 28, 1869, a fire broke out as great for Helena as that of 1871 for Chicago. The Bishop hastily dressed and ran to the scene. He threw himself into the work of fighting the fire. It seemed as if the flames would destroy the town. They were sweeping the buildings of pitchy pine and fir lumber. They threatened a valuable drug store. The proprietor could not shut the iron door of the store-room. The Bishop ran to him in the scorching heat and they swung and fastened it. The fire finally reached two good brick buildings. Mrs. Tuttle was sending gallons of hot coffee all night long from the home to which her husband had not returned. The flames were checked at the brick buildings by blankets kept wet by men on the roof to

whom were sent up buckets of water, masses of ice, and huge balls of snow.

When morning dawned the town beyond had been saved. And on the top of one of the brick buildings silhouetted against the grey sky appeared three figures gilded by the rising sun: Gentle Joe, a leading gambler; Bitter Root Bill, a noted desperado; and between them the Bishop of Montana.

The multitude below gave a great shout, recognizing them as their deliverers, and from that hour Bishop Tuttle was recognized as their man by the people of that whole region, among whom the story spread far and wide.

After two years' residence in Montana, Bishop Tuttle decided to make Salt Lake City his Episcopal seat. It was much the largest city in his jurisdiction, and all stage coach lines radiated from it. It is evident, also, that he longed to grapple with the problem of Mormonism.

CHURCH SCHOOLS IN UTAH

One of the most effective agencies, in his judgment, was the establishment of Church schools. He writes:

"On my reaching Salt Lake City for the first (time) in 1867, I stayed only ten days. Those ten days, however, sufficed to enable me to discover and to approve heartily the wisdom of Messrs. Foote and Haskins in deciding that a day school would be a most effective instrumentality in doing good missionary work."

Those earnest helpers had followed the Bishop's call to the West, but actually preceded him a few weeks in journeying to Utah, and we have seen how they had founded St. Mark's School on the basis of Dr. Robinson's "Union Sunday School."

Bishop Tuttle could fight fire, but he could also himself teach school. He was a scholar and a master. When fifteen years of age he was a pupil teacher. In New York students days

he was busy as a tutor. He became assistant teacher in the Columbia College Grammar School. He did private teaching in Morris, and gave much instruction to students for the Ministry.

The keynote of the School, as in the Church services, was not to attack Mormonism, but to show a better way, and in following this out instruction classes also met in the evening preparatory to baptism.

The field was open, because there was no public school system in Utah, and to St. Mark's School Gentiles, Jews, apostate Mormons, and some orthodox Mormons sent their children.

Brigham Young professed readiness to help them, but his hypocrisy was soon revealed. Nevertheless they secured a building and opened the school.

In this school for over a year Bishop Tuttle taught arithmetic, algebra, geometry, Latin, and Greek throughout the mornings.

In time, to this St. Mark's School was added St. Mark's School for Girls, also a day school, and Rowland Hall, a boarding and day school for girls.

At Ogden Rev: J. L. Gillogley established the School of the Good Shepherd, and a school at Plain City. The Rev. W. H. Stoy started St. John's School, Logan.

In reviewing, Bishop Tuttle says: "The schools of my day certainly did definite and far-reaching good. . . . In the course of my inspection I had to do with more than a hundred teachers and more than four thousand scholars."

The results justified the prediction of Secretary of State, William H. Seward, who said that "the church and schools undertaken by the Episcopal Church in Salt Lake City would do more to solve the Mormon problem than the army and Congress of the United States combined."

THE CATHEDRAL

St. Mark's Cathedral was the next great work. Bishop

Tuttle expresses the view that it is not wise for us to copy the English cathedral system, and considers it fortunate that in the cathedrals of the American Church there is great diversity of type. He advances as reasons for a cathedral, that the pastor element in a Bishop should not suffer atrophy, that he should have a Church where he can officiate of his own right, that he may have this opportunity to seek candidates for the Ministry, and that he may establish his chosen type of the rites of worship. The cathedral may also be a centre of diocesan unity.

It was with these principles in mind that St. Mark's Church, for the founding of which Bishop Tuttle gives the highest credit to the Rev. George W. Foote, was converted into St. Mark's Cathedral. The design was one of the last by the elder Upjohn, builder of Trinity Church, New York. The corner stone was laid July 30, 1870. The basement was used until September 3, 1871, when the Church proper was occupied.

From the meetings in the Tabernacle, which, for all their enthusiasm, are shot through with strange fanaticism, the Christian worshipper enters St. Mark's Cathedral to find the winning beauty and the mystic devotion of the Apostolic Church.

ST. MARK'S HOSPITAL

"I was sick and ye visited Me." These words were the basis on which Bishop Tuttle's staunch friends, Rev. Mr. Kirby, Major Wilkes, and Dr. Hamilton, founded St. Mark's Hospital.

Before the railroads were built and the mines opened there were few accidents in Utah, and the sick were cared for by voluntary nursing and by the Mormon district system, three physicians only serving Salt Lake City.

With the development of mechanical industries, shattered limbs and torn bodies called for specific help. So the hospital was begun.

Its financing was a model of self-help. Bishop Tuttle records with honest pride the fact that "St. Mark's hospital used the kindly eastern nursing bottle to a very small extent indeed."

The doors of the hospital were open without condition to all the people of Utah. In return, all contributed to its support. Most of the large mining companies gave yearly subscriptions. The men paid each a dollar a month. Then there was the yearly "Hospital Ball." In nine years 2,308 patients were cared for. Less than \$1,500 came from abroad of the \$64,870.98 expended, and the current debt was only \$997.91. It was a master piece of philanthropic finance.

The patients received religious and personal ministration. The Bishop had daily prayers and a Sunday afternoon service, while visitors frequently went around the wards.

The results were all that could have been expected. The kindest feelings and the most generous helpfulness were shown by all sorts and conditions of men. After a time the Roman Catholics and the Mormons followed the example of the Church, and each erected a hospital.

This was, perhaps, the most influential of the Church's works in introducing a gentler spirit into the stronghold of that hard fanaticism. Mormonism is not dead, and it is not due to the Church alone that whereas, when Bishop Tuttle came there was only about one non-Mormon to a thousand Mormons, now the proportion of non-Mormons is two to one in Salt Lake City. But the hard ice was to some extent melted from within. Liberty of action and thought were made possible. The intellectual life quickened stony minds through the schools. Christian worship mollified fanaticism. The Cathedral linked that out-post of the self-exiled with the Historic Church. And finally St. Mark's Hospital ministered to strangers with the healing touch of the Saviour. The prophecy of William H. Seward has been fulfilled.

CONTINUED WORK IN MONTANA AND IDAHO

During all these years, from 1867 to 1886, Bishop Tuttle was not only wrestling with the problem of Mormonism in Salt Lake City, but was making his episcopal visitations in the rest of Utah, in Montana and in Idaho. He became convinced that Montana should be set apart, and writes, "the real good of the Church calls for this change. Until it can be made I must serve the three territories as best I can. I am grieved at heart that I am not well serving them."

But why was he not well serving them? It was because by his own great work he had so enlarged the field. We have seen that in his first episcopal journey he had found only seven places which seemed to call for visitation, Salt Lake City and Fort Bridger in Utah; Boise City, Idaho City and Silver City in Idaho; and Virginia City and Helena in Montana.

During twenty years Bishop Tuttle had been traveling all over that land, by stage coach, on horse-back and afoot, usually in hardship, often in peril, and sometimes in danger from the Indians. He had increased the yearly visitations from seven to one hundred and twenty-one, eighteen fold, fifty-two in Montana, fifty in Idaho, and nineteen in Utah.

It is quite impossible to give here even a condensed view of that vast work. These simple figures must suffice.

MONTANA SET APART

In the General Convention of 1880 on motion of the Bishop of Montana, it was

"Resolved: That the present Bishop of Montana be assigned to the charge of Utah and Idaho, and be styled the Bishop of Utah with jurisdiction in Idaho."

Immediately afterward on motion of the Bishop of Utah it was

"Resolved: That this House will proceed as the Order of the Day to nominate a Missionary Bishop for Montana, on Thursday next, October 21, at 12 M."

It was the same Bishop Tuttle who made both these motions, for on the passage of the first he had become Bishop of Utah.

The Rev. Leigh Richmond Brewer was nominated and elected Missionary Bishop of Montana, the story of whose work is one of the manliest in our Church history.

PART II

THE BISHOP OF MISSOURI

THE SECOND CALL TO MISSOURI

In the Diocese of Missouri was a venerated presbyter whose heart and mind had never been forgetful of Bishop Tuttle since he had informed him of his unanimous election as Bishop of Missouri, modestly signing himself, "M. Schuyler, President Convention." His picture shows a singular personal resemblance to Bishop Tuttle himself. It became his pleasant duty to send another telegram:

"St. Louis, Mo., May 26, 1886.

"By unanimous vote of the Diocese of Missouri you have been elected their Bishop. Will you accept? Please answer.

"M. SCHUYLER,
President of the Convention."

This time, following his sense of duty again, and by advice of friends, he accepted, and the Right Reverend Daniel Sylvester Tuttle, D. D., became the Third Bishop of Missouri.

He came in the plenitude of his mental and spiritual powers, at the peak of his physical vigor.

We may pause for a moment to note again the value to the Church of his bodily strength. Not once or twice has the flame of spiritual fire burned so ardently in a waxen frame as to kindle countless souls. Yet the heart of every reader of Bishop Tuttle's life beats more strongly as he thinks of that apostolic traveller who could journey from dawn to late afternoon with never a taste of food, growing hungrier and hungrier, but with no digestive injury and no headache. Such was the man who, after twenty years of rugged frontier work, and forty thousand miles of stage coach travel, became the Bishop of Missouri.

He himself says in one of his later Convention Addresses,

that most of his work up to that time has been in the country, and he reveals the studious reflection which he found necessary to apply to the shifting and puzzling problems of the city.

CHURCH EXTENSION

Almost his very first move in strategy reveals the ecclesiastical general. He called for the division of the Diocese. That is to say, he suggested it in convincing terms. It was not a confession of weakness. It was a call for extended opportunity. Kansas City was rapidly advancing in strength and numbers. Other communities were growing. The number of souls in the care of the Bishop of Missouri was very great. The work would be better done if the Diocese were divided.

Calling attention to the fact that Missouri had one hundred and fourteen counties, in fifty-three of which the Church was at work, and in sixty-one of which it was not, he asked for some means of extended service, either by the appointment of a missionary to help him, or by division. Both recommendations were afterward carried into effect.

NEW PARISHES

At this time also he suggested the foundation of new parishes in cities, appealing to the older parishes to make some sacrifices of numbers, and help the new work forward.

And in this Address he sounded the trumpet call which was to ring through all his subsequent Addresses — the earnest, impassioned, inspired call for incessant and energetic missionary endeavor. It is another revelation of Bishop Tuttle's great character. There is not a thought of settling into a position of dignified ecclesiastical ease. The same Elijah whirlwind which had blown through the Rocky Mountains, was now to blow through the streets of St. Louis, and over the varied and picturesque counties of Missouri. He said he was not ashamed of

the rock from whence he was hewn. The Missionary Bishop of the Rockies had now become the Missionary Bishop of the populous cities and the smiling farms. Over and over again, in ever new terms, but with ever the same zeal, this trumpet call was sounded. To quote all he thus said would be to fill a volume. No one can doubt that St. Louis and Missouri responded. Who can fear that its echoes will ever die away?

CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL

Another masterpiece of ecclesiastical strategy in St. Louis was the elevation of the Parish of Christ Church, in 1888-9, to the dignity of Christ Church Cathedral Corporation. The American Church has been late in creating Cathedral Churches. Bishop Williams of Connecticut once said that one reason why he built St. Luke's Chapel at the Berkeley Divinity School was that when he was made Bishop there was not one Church in the Diocese where he could stand and speak as in his own Church. That was a good reason. The American Church has perhaps feared over-centralization. Bishop Greer often spoke of the Cathedral as an influence in breaking down the narrow walls of parochialism. The Cathedral, in centralizing, was to universalize the work of the Church. Such is Christ Church Cathedral in St. Louis.

CONVENTION ADDRESSES

As we pass from Bishop Tuttle's work in his Missionary Jurisdiction to that in the Diocese of Missouri, the character of the story changes. There it was adventurous travel. Here it is regular diocesan visitation. In Missouri we become intensely interested in his Convention Addresses. In these he states the great principles of his episcopal action, and the Addresses are also illuminated with evidences of personal interest in those committed to his care, and in his brethren in the sacred ministry.

What were almost the initial paragraphs in all the Addresses would, if compiled, form an admirable Calendar of Saints, Bishop Tuttle's loving remembrances of the faithful Bishops and other Clergy, and of the lights of the world in their several generations in the Congregations committed to their charge, who had entered into rest. They are his very best utterances, in tenderness, in affection, in spiritual insight into the meaning of Christian lives, and in wise appreciation of the particular personal values of each. It is a portrait gallery of our noblest and our best, painted by a literary artist of his native tongue.

LOYALTY TO CHURCH LAW

Loyalty to law was another counsel given repeatedly and unreservedly. He invokes the great dictum of Hooker beginning:

"Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is in the bosom of God."

He urges this loyalty to law upon the treasurers of trust funds, speaking again and again of their absolute duty to use such funds exactly and always in the manner designated.

Of another loyalty he was as clear, spoke more often, and more fully: loyalty to the Prayer Book. Whether the Prayer Book is unrevised, in the process of revision, or with revision accomplished, he calls for its use as by Church law established. He sees no excuse for omitting the Confession and Absolution, a Lesson, or the Ten Commandments. It is to be used exactly as it is written, fully and precisely, and this not from the viewpoint of a meticulous rubrician, but because it serves a practical purpose:

"If there be abroad a spirit of unrest and disintegration and playing fast and loose with Catholic truth, my own watchword for protection and battle cry of defense would be the Prayer Book. Loyalty to the Prayer Book sums up loyalty to Church

faith and to Church history, to Church principle and Church habits and Church worship. The Prayer Book to us, in America, I am accustomed to regard as the bulwark."

CONFIRMATION

Another message which the Bishop of Missouri steadfastly proclaimed was the duty of Confirmation. He does indeed repeatedly disclaim desire for numbers alone. Yet he shows his conviction that a sound condition of the Diocese would be manifested in a normal number of confirmations. Quoting another Bishop, he favors his idea that the normal number each year would be one to ten for the previously existing communicant list. Year by year he notes whether the Confirmations have equalled that ratio, or fallen below it. He urges the Clergy to speak to people about it, not waiting for their initiative only. In connection with this he counsels earnest and careful preparation of the candidates. It would appear that this continued appeal brought good results in the Diocese.

THE MISSIONARY HOST

Incidentally to this, and in accord with the Bishop's missionary zeal, may be mentioned his love for the "Missionary Host." This is perhaps the most picturesque title which has been applied to the gathering of the Church School children of a Diocese in corporate worship. The love of their Father in God overflows for these lambs of the flock. He rejoices in the yearly increase of the offerings for his great passion, Missions, and his language breaks out into exuberance when the "Host" becomes so large that the Cathedral cannot contain it.

This fatherly episcopal solicitude for the "Host" is extended to all the institutions and organizations of the Diocese. It is seen in his detailed remarks about parishes and individuals.

In fact his great lion heart carried all to the Cathedral altar, as Aaron bore on his breastplate the jewelled names of the Tribes of Israel. To speak of all would be simply to reprint the whole of his Convention Addresses.

It is here that our imagination must fill the silence. The most we can do in narrating the life of a man like Daniel Sylvester Tuttle is to indicate the great springs of his character, allude to some of his chief messages, and principal acts, and then remember that all the time, every day and every evening, he was at work, incessantly because his bodily health was so strong, and energetically because his soul was inspired with the Divine meaning of his great Mission. It was one long and glorious effort to fulfil his Father's Will.

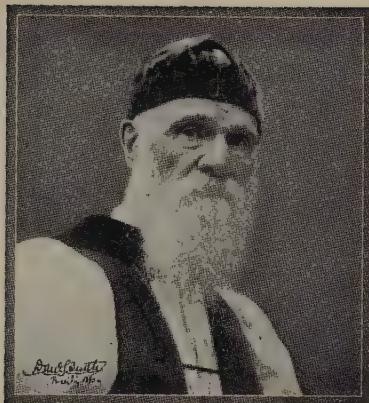
Thus, to use Bergson's historical simile, we may only strive to cast upon the screen of our minds a few cinematographic impressions of what was continuous activity.

VISITS TO THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE

Two of these were his visits to England on the occasion of the Lambeth Conference, which is a decennial gathering in London of all the Bishops of the Anglican Apostolic Succession, and the Pan-Anglican Conference of Missions in conjunction with it.

The first of these visits was in 1888. His report of this in the Address of that year shows how his mind responded to the impression of the great Church of England, in the richness of its historic past, and in the universality of its active present. We have no detailed account of the thoughts which filled his soul as he stood in the ancient Abbeys and Cathedrals, but we can imagine the scenes which there unfolded themselves from the days of Augustine and Paulinus to those of McGee and Temple.

Of the present he is concise but more detailed. He speaks with delight of the great scholars and ecclesiastics whom he



The Bishop of Missouri

heard and met, of the three schools of thought, High Church, Low Church and Broad Church. And in his own words we see the result we should have expected of this great assembly on the mind of the American Churchman who knew the diapason of his national life from the City of New York to the mining camp of the Rockies. He says:

"As a man, the horizon of my thoughts was widened and my heart was warmed. . . .

"As a Bishop, my mind was steadied, my trust was deepened, my soul was fed. . . .

"As an American, I could not but mark how the thoughtful and kindly courtesy, unfailingly extended by the Archbishop of Canterbury to us from this side of the water, was reflected and multiplied and continued . . . everywhere in England."

And, though modest was his silence, we can see in these words and in his references to his own addresses and sermons in England, what a strong impression the American Bishop made on his English brethren.

To the next Conference, in 1897, he set forth with slightly disturbed anticipation.

It has since been seen that the equilibrium of England's greatness was then just at the balancing point. Germany had in fact begun the effort not long afterward openly avowed of humbling her ancient commercial rival. Joseph Chamberlain had replied with his policy of a consolidated British Empire. For the Queen's Diamond Jubilee all the pomp and pride of that Empire had met in London to display to the world the greatest pageant of military force which had ever marched on this planet, while at Portsmouth long miles of warships proclaimed Britannia's rule of the wave. Without question it was a deliberate effort to awe the world to acquiescent peace. Within, however, was a spirit of apprehension, and the next morning Kipling's "Recessional" led the columns of the London *Times*.

It would not have seemed strange if the Church of England had been touched by a little of the pride and the necessity of the imperial spirit.

Nor was it strange that, under the circumstances, one title of the subjects to be discussed, "The Relation of the Primates and Metropolitans in the Colonies and elsewhere to the See of Canterbury," should have awakened question in America, by those two words, *and elsewhere*.

Bishop Tuttle had dealt with the question previously in the Convention of May, 1897, wherein he expresses the gratitude and loyalty of the daughter to the mother Church, but affirms that there can be no primacy of Canterbury over the American Episcopate.

He adds a warning against too much fondness for Anglican customs as such, arguing that the American Church must be rooted in the character of the American People.

But in the Address of 1898 he dismisses the Canterbury peril with a smiling gesture, assuring his brethren that no imperial design was harbored in the primatial See.

THE CHRISTIAN MAN AND WAR

At this time we had entered on the war with Spain, and in the same Address Bishop Tuttle gave his views on the duty of a Christian man in war, as he did afterward in the Great War. The opinion of a Bishop and of such a Bishop, a successor of the Twelve and himself an Apostle, holding the most representative position possible in Christianity, is of consummate interest. It is, in brief, that war is one of the most horrible of all evils, but that there may be conditions under which it is the duty of a Christian man to bear arms in defense of the right.

There were two ways, according to the critics, in which the Church missed its opportunity. One was by not plunging unreservedly into the war at once. The other was in espousing

the war at all. These criticisms seem to cover the errors of the Church quite completely. Possibly the conscientious judgment of a Christian Bishop may be wiser than either.

PRESIDING BISHOP

The time came, in 1904, when to his amazement, the one-time Bishop of the Rockies found himself the Presiding Bishop of the American Church. The honor came to him in course as senior in point of consecration, but the honor was real and the responsibilities were grave.

The ability and skill with which in this capacity he presided over the sessions of the House of Bishops and other Church assemblies awakened admiration. To explain one cause of this admiration it is necessary to speak quite frankly of a physical defect. As early as 1892, in reviewing his twenty-five years' episcopate, he had spoken of "faculties preserved save a slow creeping of dullness into the hearing of the ear." This in time became almost total deafness. Yet his voice in public had never any strange intonation. More wonderful still, he instantly recognized every speaker, and correctly followed debate and put the question as if he had heard every word. The secret was that someone at his side instantly jotted down on paper for the Bishop's eye the business in hand. Bishop Johnson writes, "It was sometimes one, sometimes another. His way was to ask this, that, or the other one 'to be ears for me.'" But what strength of composure and what quickness of wit in one who could thus, despite the disability, preside with correctness and ease!

THE BISHOP COADJUTOR

There came at last the hour most dreaded by all men of action, when one realizes of himself, or is kindly persuaded by his friends to recognize, that his strength is no longer equal to

his task. The evidence of inward struggle in such a case is sometimes so great as to demand the kindly veil of charity.

It is one of the manifestations of Bishop Tuttle's greatness that no such *agonia* was seen. The strong man's just pride appears in his words, "I can go on alone as I am," "I do not think there is any extreme difficulty in so doing."

But he yielded gracefully to the persuasions of his friends, and at the Convention of 1911 the Right Reverend Frederick Foote Johnson, D. D., Missionary Bishop of South Dakota, was elected Bishop Coadjutor of Missouri.

From that time forward a new elation is observable in Bishop Tuttle's Convention Addresses. He gives to his Coadjutor the same warmth of affection which he had always evinced for co-workers in the vineyard. He rejoices in the extension of work in the Diocese which was immediately evident and steadily continued. His own words sum it up better than any others could do, in the Address of 1913:

"The result has been, sweet relief to me from overwork, freedom from that worry which not seldom engenders fretful activities of impatience and unwise, and a peaceful consciousness that while I cannot do this or that or the other thing for the Diocese, this or that or the other thing is done, and is done rightly and wisely and effectively by my faithful brother, and so the Diocese does not suffer loss."

From this time on the history of Church extension in the Diocese of Missouri is chiefly the history of the work of Bishop Johnson. If this sketch were the history of the Diocese, we should pass to the story of Bishop Johnson's work, and a study of his Convention Addresses, so remarkable for their breadth of vision combined with particularity of detail, expressed in English flowing in eloquence, and punctuated by words and phrases which stand out as high lights.

But as it is the life of Bishop Tuttle we must limit ourselves to his story. Henceforth it is the record of deepening affection,

high dignity, and accumulating honors. Hither and thither and yonder he went to various important functions, where his great lion voice and his great lion presence filled the whole assembly with admiration and impressed every listener. Increasingly he was a tower of strength to the Church in America.

A BELOVED CITIZEN OF ST. LOUIS

Years before the end the Bishop of Missouri had become a leading figure in St. Louis. Bishop Johnson says that he did not actively take part as an officer in the various city organizations, but hewed pretty close to the line as the Bishop of his Diocese. He adds that he had, however, become an institution, that no public occasion was considered complete unless Bishop Tuttle were present.

The time came when his work was drawing to its close, and the same spirit animated him which had prompted the *Spirit of Missions* to say in 1869: "There is that . . . in the range and quality of his work, (in Morris) which evinced the needed spirit and faculty for the high office and vast field to which the Church had called him."

It was the spirit of his first charge to the Diocese of Missouri in 1886: "Speak to the children of Israel, that they go forward."

His last word to the Diocese in 1922, more than a whole generation after, was: "Dear Brethren all, let us stand by the Church in her great missionary work. And stand steady. In love and loyalty. With prayers and sympathy. For gifts and work. Stand steady."

A NATIONAL FIGURE

And the Presiding Bishop of the American Church had become a national figure.

It is no wonder when we think what his work had covered. *The Church at Work* is authority for saying that the son of a

sturdy blacksmith had filled the Episcopal office for fifty-six years of the eighty-six of his life. And he might have said with St. Polycarp: "Four-score and six years have I served Him, and He hath done me no ill." During his Episcopate one hundred and forty-three Bishops were consecrated, and he participated in the consecration of ninety-one. When the centennial of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society was celebrated, it was noted that he had been a Bishop fifty-four years of that century. When consecrated he was the youngest Bishop in the world. When he died it is believed he was the oldest in term of service.

During the days of his last illness the papers throughout the United States published daily bulletins of his condition.

When he died, April 17, 1923, the Roman Catholic Archbishop, the leading Hebrew Rabbi, and Clergy of all denominations united in expressions of sorrow. By order of the mayor all flags in the city flew at half-mast the day of the funeral, and all traffic was stopped from one to three o'clock in a radius of four blocks from the Cathedral. The service was marked by simplicity, and favorite hymns were sung, "Lead, Kindly Light," and "For All Thy Saints Who from Their Labors Rest."

That the last impression of this sketch be one to leave in mind a vision of Daniel Sylvester Tuttle in life, rather than of his sleeping form in its long repose, the reader will welcome an incident as related by a Clerical Deputy to the General Convention at Portland, Oregon, in 1922, the last at which the Bishop was in attendance and presided:

The venerable prelate was found late one afternoon drinking a friendly cup of tea in the basement of the Municipal Auditorium. He had just "said a word" to a group of the Woman's Auxiliary, with a flash here and there of his inimitable humor, and had settled himself apart from the crowded spaces around or near the bountifully laden tables. Among those standing not far from the Presiding Bishop was a distinguished visitor



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